

E L O G Y,

Against Occasion Requires

UPON THE

Earl of Shaftsbury.

Calculated for the Meridion of *Eighty One*.

A T the West-End of th' Universal Frame,
A Place there lies, which some a *Land* mis-name;
An Excrement of World, call'd *Natures Sinke*,
A Mass of undrain'd mire, quag, bogg, and stinke.
Ireland Yclep'd, When th' All-creating *WORD*
Great *Natures Architect*, and *Orders Lord*
From Nothing spoke out All, and all around
With Form, Light, Beauty, and perfection Crownd,
This Spot alone ner'e heard th' Almighty found
This heap of Undigested Earth! a Place,
Which of old *Chaos* wearsth' Original Face!
As if the Out-cast of the Works of Heaven;
'T had scarce *one days* Creation out of *Seven*.

This Country's by a sort of Natives Man'd,
With *Braines*, as much unfurnish'd as their *Land*;
But yet, what e're they want in *Wit* and *Sense*
Is made up in their *TRUTH* and *INNOCENCE*
Such Innocence born in so pure an Air,
Their very Ground will nought that's Poysonous bear?
Since it was washt with the last *Massacre*.
A *Massacre*, *ROME's* Memorable toyle,
Which like the Plague, stop't by ore-flowing *Nile*?
Purg'd all Envenom'd Locusts from their soyle.

With a full Pack of this untainted Brood,
Is Hunted *Shaftsbury*, to Death pursu'd.

All nobly sworn to hang the *Heretick Dogg*,
 An *Oath's* no more, then their own Natural *Bogg*,
 O're which, the nimble *Torie* safely runs
 Whilst the more slow pac'd dastard *stick's and drown's*.
 Yes, *Pope* and *Hell* for his *Damnation* call,
 For he knows *Rome*, and he deserv's to Fall!
 Thy Greatness, *Rome*, by *Mystick* steps Ascends,
 The *Blind* and *Ignorant* are thy *best Friends*:
 Reason and truth to *Thee* are Foes and Spies,
 Then *Great Infallability*, be wise,
 And safely *Cut off Heads*, to put out *Eyes*.
 Favours in *Pallaces*, let no man boast,
 Where but to *See*, and *Know*, is to be *Lost*.
 So in the Great *Augustus* Court of old,
 Such Honour did the darling *Ovid* hold,
 Long on his Brows the Royal Laurels hung,
 Whilst he soft *Airs*, to flattered *Cesar* fung,
 Till by a *prying Eye* undone, he's sent
 Damn'd for a *look*, t' *Eternal Banishment*:
 Yes, in thy *Chains*, Great *Overbury* lye,
Rome, is not *Rome*, till *Fear* and *Dangers* dye:
 To Preserve *Nations*, *Right*, *Religion*, *Kings*,
 Are for *Unhallowed* hands, two *Sacred* things.
 In such a Cause 'tis *Fatal* to embark,
 Like the bold *Jew* that propt the falling *Ark*,
 With an unlicenc'd Arm he durst approach,
 And tho' to *Save*, yet it was *Death* to touch.
 Go blasted then, and branded to thy *Doom*,
 With no less *Stains*, then *bateing Rome*,
Supplanting France, and *Saveing Christendom*.

F I N I S.